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Eighty-four Squares, 42.00 84.00 126.00 168.00 210.00 252.00
Eighty-five Squares, 42.50 85.00 127.50 170.00 212.50 255.00
Eighty-six Squares, 43.00 86.00 129.00 172.00 215.00 258.00
Eighty-seven Squares, 43.50 87.00 130.50 174.00 217.50 261.00
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EXCHANGE HOTEL,
By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger
Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

The New Mown Hay.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dress in holiday shaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodhens scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the buxom country air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh, and sport, and dance and sing,
Amid the new mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the young and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in, come in, you sayest so!"
And who's your friend?" "This Friendship's self."

"Come each—come both, our sports to share,
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come tell your errand if you please;
You look so sure and all at ease,
You dim the face of day."

"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate your kin;
The place is full, you can't come in,
Amid the new mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow uncrinkled, fair and high—
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,
And asks your leave to stay.

Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend,"
"Come in, come in, with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh and dance and sing,
Amid the new mown hay.

The Blacksmith's Apprentice.

BY JOHN COOPER TAIL.
CHAPTER I.

It was the darkest hour of the Revolu-
tion for the American cause. There
were traitors in the camp, though the
great mass of the people remained firm
and determined in the cause of Independ-
ence. The British army outnumbered
the American forces as three to one,
but liberty was the prize to be won, and
brave hearts, led on by Washington,
did not despair. What if they were
clad in tattered garments, and their
feet were shoeless, leaving marks of
blood upon the frozen ground wherever
they followed their loved commander,
so long as they battled for the birth-
right of freedom?

At the period of our story, there
stood in the vicinity of the village of
Brunswick a log house, of rather large
dimensions, and built in a manner that
its proprietor went in more for comfort
than appearance, as regarded his dwell-
ing. There was an air of neatness and
taste about the garden that seemed to
prove that it was under the especial
care of a woman, even though currant-
bush, honey-suckle and hop vine had
been for many days under the snows of
December.

The proprietor of the house followed
the double calling of a blacksmith and
farmer. He was a hale old man of
about sixty, and his family were com-
posed solely of his wife Dorothy, and
his daughter Mary, a beautiful girl just
budding into womanhood.

Lo, his youth, famous Jonas Hutton,
had advocated Quaker principles of
peace, but in his age his sympathies
were secretly enlisted in the cause of
King George. His conduct, however,
had been so circumspect—he appearing
to maintain a strict neutrality as re-
garded both the British and American
causes, that, though suspicions were
rife of his extending aid to the former,
he had thus far escaped actual proof.

The only person hired about his
premises was a tall, ungainly youth,
of about twenty years of age who
served as helper in the smithy, when
occasionally a neighbor wished his
horse shod, or his wagon wheel tired.
His name was Malachi Doolittle, and
he hailed from the Bay State, from whence
he had wandered to his present station,
some three years before, binding him-
self to Square Hutton till one-and-twenty.
He had all the peculiarities of the
migratory race of New England, and,
though, as we have stated, he was tall
and ungainly in his department, a warm
heart beat under a homespun vest, and
he displayed much genius and tact for
the benefit of his employer.

As a matter of course he had been in
love a long time with the fair form and
blue eyes of his master's daughter Mary,
though she had always treated his case
so coolly that any one else but a genuine
Yankee wooer would have left the field
in despair. No girl can bear to have
it said that her lover is an object of ridi-
cule, and Mary was well aware that
tall Malachi—the name by which her
father's apprentice was generally ad-
dressed—was the sport of all the young
girls in the neighborhood. Yet she
might have made a good choice, for he
did bid to become a first rate mechanic,
was a crack shot with the rifle, and
could out-run, out-jump, as he expressed
it himself, anything that stood in two
shoes. It was a firm advocate of the
American cause, and when his boss's
tender ear, he would express his admi-
ration for Washington in the highest
terms.

It was in the latter part of December,
and close upon dusk, when a young
man, attired in the uniform of an ensign
in the Continental army, and mounted
upon a powerful gray horse, rode up to
Square Hutton's smithy and requested
that his animal might be shod immedi-
ately.

"Friend, thou seemest to be in some-
what of a hurry," was Square Hutton's
reply, glancing at the stranger, "and
as Malachi is busy fiddling the cattle,
and I have promised to have neighbor
Parker's wheel tired in half an hour,
perhaps thee had better apply to the

next shop, which thee will find about a
mile and a half further along on the
straight road to Brunswick, and—"

"A plague on neighbor Parker and
his wagon wheel," said the young man,
impatiently. "As you have stated
however, I am in a hurry and bear im-
portant dispatches to Washington, whom
I understand is on his way to attack
our enemies. May Heaven favor the
right cause!"

"Amens," said the smith, earnestly.
"But as I have informed thee before, it
will be impossible to attend to the shoe-
ing of thy beast to-night. It is nearly
dark, and I seldom protract my labors
after nightfall."

The stranger mused a moment, and
then muttered to himself: "It is not
possible that I can have been misin-
formed; I drew a paper from his pocket
and handed it to Squire Hutton."
"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"Something that it would not be
politic to let every one peruse in these
times; but I have heard that you are a
staunch man in the cause of King
George, I can trust you. The exigencies
of my case will not admit of delay.
My horse must be shod, and must be
within the British camp, at Trenton, by
to-morrow morning."

The old smith, with an air of surprise
wiped his glasses to perceive the docu-
ment, and by the last fading light of
day, recognized the well known signa-
ture of Lord Cornwallis.

He instantly grasped the stranger by
the hand, and said, that for the cause
of King George, he would neglect every
other job of work in the shop.

"But thee will have a rough ride of
it, friend; the roads are in a bad condi-
tion, and the wind will blow cold and
bitter in thy face, I observe the whole
of the journey."

"Ah, friend, but the night will be
black as pitch an hour later, and if thy
beast is not sure-footed, they will
scarcely reach Trenton by sunrise.
However, I will see that thou art well
prepared for thy journey. A good cup
of tea, equal to that the foolish rebels
wasted in Boston harbor, made by my
wife, Dorothy, and a few warm biscuits
prepared by my daughter, Mary, will
refresh thee greatly, previous to thy
long ride."

"Thanks, kind sir, for thy hospitality,
and be assured that it will be remem-
bered to our commander-in-chief. My
business is urgent, for if I reach Trenton
by sunrise, the plan I now bear
about my person will place the rebel
army wholly in power."

"Sayest thou so?" said the smith,
rubbing his hands joyfully; "then in-
deed we have no time to lose. Hallo,
Malachi! ah, here thou art. Run up
to the house, and tell Dorothy that my
friend Ensign Spencer of the Continen-
tal army is going to sup with us.
He has important documents for the
benefit of the American cause, and
must be in the American camp by to-
morrow morning. Thou canst shoe his
horse, while I extend to him the hospi-
tality; and Squire Hutton taking the
young man by the arm, ushered him in
a few moments into the presence of his
wife and charming daughter.

Meanwhile, Malachi, who had eyed
the stranger very closely, lit a lamp,
and began to ply the bellows.

"Well," he exclaimed to himself, "if
this don't beat all nature. I thought
there was smut in the wind, when that
critter halted at our place; so I
just stopped fiddling the cattle, and
sneaked up to the back side of the shop
to listen. So if he gets to Trenton by
sunrise to-morrow morning, the Amer-
ican party will be in the hands of the
British. If you are there by that time,
by Judas, Malachi Doolittle don't know
nothing about shoeing. Whoa—your
critter, can't you stand still a moment,
while the irons are getting hot? It's
no wonder you're so restless with carry-
ing a load of sin as you are about to carry.
My boss is a traitor to his country, and
I'm going to cut my indentures to-night
and join the American army. Who
knows but that I may come back a
captain, marry Mary Hutton, and then
strike a bee-line for old Massachusetts.
But I must hurry, for I have to inspect my
work to-night. There," he added, "you
have done the last nail," and he cast
off a pair of them shoes about five miles
'tother side of Brunswick; and then if
I can't catch you, Ensign Spencer, on
my old sorrel, I wish I may be blown
up in a powder mill."

Big with intentions for the benefit of
the American cause, Malachi fastened
the horse, and closing the shop door,
wended his way to the house.

The wind blew keen and cold, and
the sky was overcast with dark clouds.
"Shouldn't wonder if we had two
feet of snow before to-morrow morn-
ing," said Malachi to himself, "and I'd
rather, by a darned sight, go to an
apple bee or a quilting party with Mary
Hutton tucked under my arm, than
take a journey to Trenton to-night.
However, what can't be cured must be
endured, as my old schoolmarm used
to say, when she pined the birch; so all
you've got to do, Malachi Doolittle, is
to play possum, and not give the Brit-
ish too big a start."

He found the kitchen empty, for En-
sign Spencer being considered in the
light of an especial guest, the supper
table was set in the parlor.

"Rot his picture! he will be making
love to Mary next," said Malachi, un-
easily; "but if he does I'll pay him in
his own coin. Ah, here is his pistols
and heavy riding coat. Well now,
Malachi Doolittle, I don't think it will
be unwholesome to your constitution to

jerk the priming out of them barkers,
for fear matters might come to a rough
and tumble. So here goes," and suit-
ing the action to the word, the stran-
ger's weapons were instantly placed in a
harmless condition.

When the apprentice entered the
parlor, he found Dorothy Hutton and
her daughter Mary in high glee and
good humor. The supper was over,
but the stranger seemed to be attracted
to the smith's parlor by the bright eyes
of Mary, and looking twice out of the
window into the cold, bleak night, he
gave a shudder, as if loath to depart
on his journey.

Tall Malachi delivered his supper in
a moody silence; but, notwithstanding
his discontent at the notice the young
officer took of Mary, he made fearful
inroads on the Johnny cake and sausage.
A genuine Yankee is seldom so deep in
love that he forsakes his victuals; and
such was certainly tall Malachi's case.

When there was no excuse for longer
delay, the apprentice was deputed to
fetch Spencer's horse to the door, and
thanking his host and hostess for their
kind attentions, and bestowing a kiss
upon the blushing cheek of Mary, he
bestrode the animal and set forth at a
round gallop, on his dark and dreary
journey.

"I guess I'd better go and finish
foddering the cattle," said Malachi, as
the clatter of the horse's hoofs died
away in the distance. "Old Bull has
broken his surcingle all to smash. I
calculate that I'd better take the sorrel
horse and go down to Brunswick to-
morrow morning and get it fixed, as we
want to sled some wood from the
swamp. Suppose you can let me have
old sorrel for a little while, Squire?"

"Well, how on earth can thee go
down to Brunswick without him, Ma-
lachi? How foolish you do talk to-
night."

"Well, I didn't know but that you
might want to use him," said Malachi,
closing the door behind him, and start-
ing for the barn. "Consarn his picture!
kissed her lips, did he? Well if I
don't have a wrestle with him for that
trick, my name ain't Malachi Doolittle.
Jerusalem, how cold it is! I wish I
had my other shirt on; but it's no use
to grumble. Old sorrel, put in the big
licks, and you shall be kept on nothing
else but oats and clover for the balance
of your material days. And now for
a parting salute to the boss," he added,
as he bestrode up to the door of the
house. "Hallow! Squire Hutton, sun-
thin's broke loose!"

"Why, Malachi, what is the matter?"
asked the smith, opening the door; "is
the barn a fire, or—"

"No, nothing of the kind, boss. But
I've concluded to borrow old sorrel to-
night, instead of to-morrow morning.
I know the whole plot, and am going
to take them papers from Ensign Spen-
cer, and give them to George Wash-
ington